BABY HAS GONE TO SCHOOL.

The baby has gone to school; ah, me!
  What will the mother do?
With never a call to button or pin,
  Or tie a little shoe?
How can she keep herself busy all day
With the little "hindering thing" away?

Another basket to fill with lunch,
  Another good-by to say,
And the mother stands at the door to see
  Her baby march away;
And turns with a sigh that is half relief
And half of something akin to grief.

She thinks of a possible future morn,
  When the children one by one,
Will go from home out into the world
  To battle with life alone,
And not even the baby be left to cheer
The desolate home of that future year.

She picks up garments here and there,
  Thrown down in careless haste,
And tries to think how it would seem
  If nothing were misplaced;
If the house were always as still as this,
How could she bear the loneliness?

—Selected.

Escape of Lieut. Kupp.

Lieut. Kupp of the Eighty-eighth Pennsylvania volunteers, was captured with many of his regiment at Gettysburg. He was known as a Pennsylvania Dutchman and he came from Berks county, in that state, where German colonists settled nearly two centuries ago and where their descendants cling to the old customs and the mother tongue even unto this day.

As it was summer at the time of Gettysburg, the men captured in that battle were in light attire, and the long march down to Richmond and the wear and tear on their thin blouses reduced them to rags, and this Pennsylvania lieutenant seemed to be the most ragged of all.

Kupp was considerably over six feet in height, lank, long-limbed, and inclined to be round-shouldered. He was about 24 years old, and the gray eyes, long, dark hair, and fuzz-covered face gave him the appearance of a North Carolina mountaineer. His comrades jokingly called him "the tar heel," but he took it good naturedly. The resemblance was much in his favor when he made up his mind to leave Libby, and, to use his own language, "make a bee line for God's land," as the prisoners called the north.

The two subjects that engrossed the minds of the men were exchange and escape. Nearly every day the report spread that the exchange cartel had been resumed, and that the men were to be sent north under flag of truce within 24 hours. On such occasions groups of excited men would rush through the six divisions of the dark, dreary old warehouse, shouting frantically:

"Pack up! Pack up! All exchanged! Hurrah for God's land!"

Constant disappointment failed to lessen these rumors, nor did it weaken the hopes of the men who heard them. Perhaps Kupp was an exception, for he never got excited, was never stirred from his stolid bearing by the cry of "Pack up!" "I have nothing to pack," he would say with a grim smile, and without raising his eyes from the bit of yellow bone he was trying to carve into a crucifix with a broken jackknife.

Plans for escape were daring and innumerable. Nearly all were impractical, yet, unknown to their comrades, 25 men, pledged to secrecy, were at this time digging in the darkness the great tunnel through which subsequently 110 men escaped.

"When I get good and ready I'm going to light out."

This Kupp used to say to the men unfolding their schemes about him, but as he refused to tell how he proposed getting away he was laughed at and left to his bone carving.

Just before Christmas the confederate authorities, who had refused to receive supplies for the prisoners from the United States government, permitted friends in the north to send down a little food and clothing under flag of truce. Uniforms were contraband, so that all the clothes that came through were of the citizen style and material.

Lieut. Kupp received a huge box, full of hams, sausages, preserves, cheese and other good things from the old farm, but neither the memory of past hunger nor fear of the future prevented his inviting the men who had no boxes to help themselves. Of all the things in the big box, the one that most delighted Kupp's soul was a suit of butternut clothes, evidently of home manufacture, even to cloth.

The lieutenant soon "shucked" his blue rags and donned the new suit. Thus attired, he strode up and down the "upper Potomac room," a hunk of bread in one hand and a chunk of ham in the other, while his laughing companions demanded to know when he left "North Caliny."

"Hit don't mattah we'en I left," responded Kupp, with an inimitable mountaineer drawl; "the thing that's a-botherin' me now is we'en an' how Ize gwine ter git back."

As old soldiers will remember, the uniforms of the confederates were anything but uniform at about this time. The citizen clothing put aside at the beginning of the war was sent to the front from home, though a gray hat, gray trousers or a gray coat had been retained wherever possible. Hundreds of confederates in "butternuts" passed the prison along Carey street every day and many of the guards about Libby and those who came in every morning to count the prisoners were dressed in the same material.

The prison roll call at this time was more expeditious than efficient. Every morning in the gray cold dawn of that bitterly cold weather the Yankees were routed from the floors on which they lay and driven into the upper Potomac or upper east room—the latter was the name given it by the confederates. Through an opening in the wall the men were counted into the upper Chickamauga or upper middle room, where they were free to do as they pleased within the prescribed limits. The men at the head of the line, and they were usually the ones who had something to cook, made a swift rush to the lower middle room, where there were four old-fashioned rusty kitchen stoves.

When the count was over and no Yankee reported missing the guards filed down to the west ground floor room, where "Black George," the sergeant, and the prison clerk, "Little Ross," reported to Maj. Turner, commandant of the prison.

One morning, it was early in January, '64, and about ten days after he had received the clothing from home, it was noticed that Kupp, who was usually among the first counted out, hung to the rear, and on this occasion was the very last.

When Kupp came into the upper Chickamauga room the guard was forming to go. Seizing the hand of Capt. Maas of his own regiment, who stood near by, the lieutenant whispered:

"Good-by, Ed; I'm going to make a break for God's land."

As this was the first intimation Capt. Maas had had of his friend's purpose, he was too much astonished to make a reply. The next instant Kupp had caught step and fallen in behind the guard.

He kept safely to the rear until the sergeant of the guard had reported to the officer in charge. When the guard had passed the sentinel at the door Kupp walked over and saluted Turner, who was by this time seated at his desk inside of a railing. Hearing the shuffling of feet on the floor, Turner looked up and demanded:

"Who the devil are you?"

"I'm from North Caliny," responded Kupp.

"How did you get in here?"

"Followed the gad, an' I've been waitin' to talk wid you'. Ain't you Mistah Turnah?"

"That's my name. Now, what do you want?" asked Turner, as he arose angrily from the desk.

"I've been in hospital, jest got out yes'day, an' thought foah I left fo' the front I'd like to see the Yankee prizners," said Kupp.

"Go to the front, confound you, and you'll see more Yankees than you'll like!" shouted Turner.

"Then thar ain't no show fo' me to see any of them Yanks I helped gobble at Gettysburg or Chickamaugy?"

"No; get out!" and Turner pointed to the door, where an armed guard stood listening and laughing.

"Waal, I didn't know you uns was so particular," drawled Kupp, as, obeying the direction indicated by Turner's extended hand, he made for the door.

Kupp saluted the guard, who exchanged winks with him as he passed out to freedom.

Once beyond the guard, a man of ordinary nerve would have started off with all speed, nor halted until Libby was far behind, and even the steeples of Richmond out of sight; but Kupp was not an ordinary man. Standing before the entrance to the prison, the lieutenant shouted to Turner:

"Say, mistah, hev ye any objections to a feller's standin' acrost the street an' kinder peekin' at the buildin'?"

Of course Turner made no response, but the guard continued down his post and laughed, as if he thought the tall man in butternuts a very funny fellow.

Meantime the news of Kupp's escape had spread among his late associates. The excitement was all the greater from the fact that it had to be suppressed. Instead of glass there were iron bars in the front windows. Prisoners were not permitted to come within two feet of these bars. Of course all knew the order, and that Capt. Forsyth of the One Hundredth Ohio had been killed a few days before for unintentionally violating it, yet the men forgot all about this in their anxiety to see Kupp leave.

The lieutenant had evidently made up his mind to gratify his comrades behind the bars. Across Carey street from the prison there was a vacant lot. Kupp walked to the edge of the lot, sat down on a log, and, taking out his broken jackknife, began to whittle and to signal the men of his old room to come out and join him.

The situation was intensely humorous, but at the same time intensely painful to the men watching Kupp from the prison, but not daring to raise their voices in warning.

At length, to the great relief of all, the lieutenant rose, stretched himself and yawned. Raising his slouched hat, he shouted: "Goodby, Yanks; hope ter see yo' agin." Then, with a long, slouching stride, he passed out of sight to the east.

The next flag of truce boat brought through a letter from Kupp. Five days after leaving Libby he fell in with Butler's troopers from Fortress Monroe, and at the time of writing was about to take passage for God's land.—New York Sun.

One of the jolliest of the old men present at the old folks' dance given recently at Barre, Mass., was Dr. William L. Russell, who is now the oldest living graduate of Harvard college. Dr. Russell is 97.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SAVE THE CITIES, THE SUBJECT OF LAST SUNDAY.

From the Text: Ezekiel, Chapter XXVII, Verse 3, as Follows: "O Thou That Art Situate at the Entry of the Sea"—Moral Leprosy the Destroyer.

THIS is a part of an impassioned apostrophe to the city of Tyre. It was a beautiful city—a majestic city. At the east end of the Mediterranean it sat with one hand beckoning the inland trade, and with the other the commerce of foreign nations. It swung a monstrous boom across its harbor to shut out foreign enemies, and then swung back that boom to let in its friends. The air of the desert was fragrant with the spices brought by caravans to her fairs, and all seas were cleft into foam by the keel of her laden merchantmen. Her markets were rich with horses and mules and camels from Togarmah; with upholstery, and ebony, and ivory from Dedan; with emeralds, and agate, and coral from Syria! with wine from Helbon; with finest needlework from Ashur and Chilmad. Talk about the splendid state rooms of your Cunard and Inman and White Star lines of international steamers—why, the benches of the state rooms in those Tyrian ships were all ivory, and instead of our coarse canvas on the masts of the shipping, they had the finest linen, quilted together and inwrought with embroideries almost miraculous for beauty. Its columns overshadowed all nations. Distant empires felt its heartbeat. Majestic city, "situate at the entry of the sea."

But where now is the gleam of her towers, the roar of her chariots, the masts of her shipping? Let the fishermen who dry their nets on the place where she once stood; let the sea that rushes upon the barrenness where she once challenged the admiration of all nations; let the barbarians who built their huts on the place where her palaces glittered, answer the question. Blotted out forever! She forgot God, and God forgot her. And while our modern cities admire her glory, let them take warning of her awful doom.

Cain was the founder of the first city, and I suppose it took after him in morals. It is a long while before a city can ever get over the character of those who founded it. Were they criminal exiles, the filth, and the prisons, and the debauchery are the shadows of such founders. New York will not for two or three hundred years escape from the good influences of its founders—the pious settlers whose prayers went up from the very streets where now banks discount and brokers shave, and companies declare dividends, and smugglers swear custom house lies; and above the roar of the drays and the crack of the auctioneers' mallets is heard the ascription, "We worship thee, O thou almighty dollar!" The church that once stood on Wall st. still throws its blessing over all the scene of traffic, and upon the sips that fold their white wings in the harbor. Originally men gathered in cities from necessity. It was to escape the incendiary's torch or the assassin's dagger. Only the very poor lived in the country, those who had nothing that could be stolen, or vagabonds who wanted to be near their place of business; but since civilization and religion have made it safe for men to live almost anywhere, men congregate in cities because of the opportunity for rapid gain. Cities are not necessarily evils, as has sometimes been argued. They have been the birthplace of civilization. In them popular liberty has lifted up its voice. Witness Genoa, and Pisa, and Venice. The entrance of the representatives of the cities in the legislatures of Europe was the death blow to feudal kingdoms. Cities are the patronizers of art and literature—architecture pointing to its British museum in London, its Royal library in Paris, its Vatican in Rome. Cities hold the world's scepter. Africa was Carthage, Greece was Athens, England is London, France is Paris, Italy is Rome, and the cities in which God has cast our lot will yet decide the destiny of the American people.

At this season of the year I have thought it might be useful to talk a little while about the moral responsibility resting upon the office bearers of all our cities—a theme as appropriate to those who are governed as the governors. The moral character of those who rule a city has much to do with the character of the city itself. Men, women and children are all interested in national politics. When the great presidential election comes, every patriot wants to be found at ballot box. We are all interested in the discussion of national finance, national debt, and we read the laws of congress, and we are wondering who will sit next in the presidential chair. Now, that may be all very well—is very well; but it is high time that we took some of the attention which we have been devoting to national affairs and brought it to the study of municipal government. This it seems to me now is the chief point to be taken. Make the cities right, and the nation will be right. I have noticed that according to their opportunities there has really been more corruption in municipal governments in this country than in the state and national legislatures. Now, is there no hope? With the mightiest agent in our land, the glorious gospel of Jesus Christ, shall not all our cities be reformed, and purified, and redeemed? I believe the day will come. I am in full sympathy with those who are opposed to carrying politics into religion; but our cities will never be reformed and purified until we carry religion into politics. I look over our cities and I see that all great interests are to be affected in the future, as they have been affected in the past, by the character of those who in the different departments rule over us, and I propose to classify some of those interests:

In the first place I remark: Commercial ethics are always affected by the moral or immoral character of those who have municipal supremacy. Officials that wink at fraud, and that have neither censure nor arraignment for glittering dishonesties, always weaken the pulse of commercial honor. Every shop, every store, every bazaar, every factory in the cities feels the moral character of the city hall. If in any city there be a dishonest mayoralty, or an unprincipled common council, or a court susceptible to bribes, in that city there will be unlimited license for all kinds of trickery and sin; while, on the other hand, if officials are faithful to their oath of office, if the laws are promptly executed, if there is vigilance in regard to the outbranchings of crime, there is the highest protection for all bargain making. A merchant may stand in his store and say: "Now, I'll have nothing to do with city politics; I will not soil my hands with the slush;" nevertheless the most insignificant trial in the police court will affect that merchant directly or indirectly. What style of clerk issues the writ; what style of constable makes the arrest; what style of attorney issues the plea; what style of judge charge the jury; what style of sheriff executes the sentence—these are questions that strike your counting rooms to the center. You may not throw it off. In the city of New York, Christian merchants for a great while said: "We'll have nothing to do with the management of public affairs," and they allowed everything to go at loose ends until there rolled up in the city a debt of nearly $120,000,000. The municipal government became a hissing and a byword in the whole earth, and then the Christian merchants saw their folly, and they went and took possession of the ballot boxes. I wish all commercial men to understand that they are not independent of the moral character of the men who rule over them, but must be thoroughly, mightily affected by them.

So, also, of the educational interests of a city. Do you know that there are in this country about seventy thousand common schools, and that there are over eight millions of pupils, and that the majority of these schools and the majority of those pupils are in our cities? Now, this great multitude of children will be affected by the intelligence or ignorance, the virtue or the vice, of boards of education and boards of control. There are cities where educational affairs are settled in the low caucus in the abandoned parts of the cities, by men full of ignorance and rum. It ought not to be so; but in many cities it is so. I hear the tramp of coming generations. What that great multitude of youth shall be for this world and the next will be affected very much by the character of your public schools. You had better multiply the moral and religious influences about the common schools rather than abstract from them. Instead of driving the Bible out, you had better drive the Bible further in. May God defend our glorious common school system, and send into rout and confusion all its sworn enemies.

I have also to say that the character of officials in a city affects the domestic circle. In a city where grogshops have their own way, and gambling hells are not interfered with, and for fear of losing political influence officials close their eyes to festering abominations—in all those cities the home interests need to make imploration. The family circles of the city must inevitably be affected by the moral character or the immoral character of those who rule over them.

I will go further and say that the religious interests of a city are thus affected. The church today has to contend with evils that the civil law ought to smite; and while I would not have the civil government in any wise relax its energy in the arrest and punishment of crime, I would have a thousand-fold more energy put forth in the drying up of the fountains of iniquity. The church of God asks no pecuniary aid from political power; but does ask that in addition to all the evils we must necessarily contend against we shall not have to fight also municipal negligence. Oh, that in all our cities Christian people would rise up, and that they would put their hand on the helm before piratical demagogues have swamped the ship. Instead of giving so much time to national politics, give some of your attention to municipal government.

I demand that the Christian people who have been standing aloof from public affairs come back, and in the might of God try to save our cities. If things are or have been bad, it is because good people have let them be bad. That Christian man who merely goes to the polls and casts his vote does not do his duty. It is not the ballot box that decides the election, it is the political caucus; and if at the primary meetings of the two political parties unfit and bad men are nominated, then the ballot box has nothing to do save to take its choice between two thieves! In our churches, by reformatory organization, in every way let us try to tone up the moral sentiment in these cities. The rulers are those whom the people choose, and depend upon it that in all the cities, as long as pure hearted men stand aloof from politics because they despise hot partisanship, just so long in many of our cities will rum make the nominations, and rum control the ballot box, and rum inaugurate the officials.

I take a step further in this subject, and ask all those who believe in the omnipotence of prayer, day by day, and every day, present your city officials before God for blessing. If you live in a city presided over by a mayor, pray for him. The chief magistrate of a city is in a position of great responsibility. Many of the kings and queens and emperors of other days have no such dominion. With the scratch of a pen he may advance a beneficent institution or balk a railway confiscation. By appointments he may bless or curse every hearthstone in the city. If in the Episcopal churches, by the authority of the Litany, and in our non-Episcopate churches, we every Sabbath pray for the president of the United States, why not, then, be just as hearty in our supplications for the chief magistrates of cities, for their guidance, for their health, for their present and everlasting morality?

My word now is to all who may come to hold any public position of trust in any city. You are God's representatives. God, the king and ruler and judge, sets you in his place. Oh, be faithful in the discharge of all your duties, so that when all our cities are in ashes, and the world itself is a red scroll of flame, you may be, in the mercy and grace of Christ, rewarded for your faithfulness. It was that feeling which gave such eminent qualifications for office to Neal Dow, mayor of Portland, and to Judge McLean, of Ohio, and to Benjamin F. Butler, attorney-general of New York, and to George Briggs, governor of Massachusetts, and to Theodore Frelinghuysen, senator of the United States, and to William Wilberforce, member of the British parliament. You may make the rewards of eternity the emoluments of your office. What care you for adverse political criticism if you have God on your side? The one, or the two, or the three years of your public trust will pass away, and all the years of your earthly service, and then the tribunal will be lifted, before which you and I must appear. May God make you so faithful now that the last scene shall be to your exhilaration and rapture. I wish now to exhort all good people, whether they are the governors or the governed, to make one grand effort for the salvation, the purification, the redemption of our American cities. Do you not know that there are multitudes going down to ruin, temporal and eternal, dropping quicker than words from my lips? Grogshops swallow them up. Gambling hells devour them. Houses of shame are damning them. Oh, let us toil, and pray, and preach, and vote until all these wrongs are righted. What we do we must do quickly. With our rulers, and on the same platform, we must at last come before the throne of God to answer for what we have done for the bettering of our great towns. Alas! if on that day it will be found that your hand has been idle and my pulpit has been silent. Oh, ye who are pure and honest, and Christian, go to work and help to make the cities pure, and honest, and Christian.

Lest it may have been thought that I am addressing only what are called the better classes, my final word is to some dissolute soul to whom these words may come. Though you may be covered with all crimes, though you may be smitten with all leprosies, though you may have gone through the whole catalogue of iniquity, and may not have been in church for twenty years, you may have your nature entirely reconstructed, and upon your brow, hot with infamous practices and besweated with exhausting indulgencies, God will place the flashing coronet of a Savior's forgiveness. "Oh, no!" you say, "if you knew who I am and where I came from, you wouldn't say that to me. I don't believe the Gospel you are preaching speaks of my case." Yes, it does, my brother. And then when you tell me that, I think of what St. Teresa said when reduced to utter destitution, having only two pieces of money left, she jingled the two pieces of money in her hand and said: "St. Teresa and two pieces of money are nothing; but St. Teresa and two pieces of money and God are all things." And I tell you now that while a sin and a sinner are nothing, a sin and a sinner and an all forgiving and all compassionate God are everything.

Who is that that I see coming? I know his step. I know his rags. Who is it? A prodigal. Come, people of God; let us go out and meet him. Get the best robe you can find in all the wardrobe. Let the angels of God fill their chalices and drink to his eternal rescue. Come, people of God, let us go out to meet him. The prodigal is coming home. The dead is alive again, and the lost is found.

Pleased with the news, the saint below
  In songs their tongues employ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
  And heaven is filled with joy.

Nor angels can their joy contain,
  But kindle with new fire;
"The sinner lost is found," they sing,
  And strike the sounding lyre.

Joy Versus Sorrow.

No human being can come into the world without increasing or diminishing the sum total of human happiness, not only of the present, but of every subsequent age of humanity. No one can detach himself from this connection. There is no sequestered spot in the universe, no dark niche along the disk of non-existence to which he can retreat from his relations to others, where he can withdraw his influence of his existence upon the moral destiny of the world; everywhere he will have companions who will be better or worse for his influence.

Not to Blame.

"You know you think more of a rich man than a poor one," said the outspoken friend. "I can't deny it," said the stateman sadly. "But how can I help it? Every poor man I meet wants me to help him get a government job."—Indianapolis Journal.

Corset Saves Her Life.

A steel of a corset saved the life of Mrs. David R. Evans, at Wilkes-Barre, recently. Her husband discharged a pistol at her, and the bullet struck her corset steel, lacerated the flesh and fell to the floor.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

SOME GOOD JOKES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

The Georgia Princess and a Stuck Up Niggah—A Clever Suggestion Illustrating a Bicycle Term—Whim Whams of the Day.

A Touching Tale.

TOUCHED him, and in a trice,
He grew to me as cold as ice.
With stony eye he looked me o'er,
And then he spoke.
Ah, none can tell,
Or know the pain that vexed me sore
As from his lips that sentence fell.
The world may laugh at what is told,
Regardless or my grief and pain;
But while the story's doubtless old
I say it went against the grain
To be refused (point blank, I own)
That time I "touched" him for a loan.

A Georgia Princess.

When Vivekanandi, the Hindu monk, visited Chicago during the World's Fair, he was greatly delighted one afternoon to learn that the "International Beauty show" on the Midway Plaisance contained an East Indian princess. He lost no time, says the Chicago Times-Herald, in visiting the show. In one of the booths was a dusky damsel, arrayed in East Indian costume, and prominently placarded as a charmer from the land of the Gangees.

Vivekanandi addressed her politely in Hindustanee, and for his pains was rewarded by a stare of blank astonishment. Then he tried Cingalese with no better success, and also the several allied dialects of the interior provinces of India. At last the dusky beauty spoke in sheer self-defense:

"Go 'way man," she said, "you mus' be crazy!"

"Excuse me," remarked Vivekanandi, in faultless English, "but will you kindly tell me where you were born?"

"I'se born in Savannah, an' I'se dun lived in Georgy all mah life," she said, "but yo' can't fool wid me, if you' is a stuck up no'thern niggah!" And he didn't try to do so.

A Clever Suggestion.

"Oh, I know what we'll do. Let's race round the fountain three times, and the one who wins gets the apple."

Whim-Whams.

"I see the bicycle in all directions," said the speaker.

"It wabbles, does it?" suggested a bystander.

It is no sign that a man is devout just because the knees of his trousers are worn. He may spend much time hunting for his lost collar button.

Irene—And did Fred really print a kiss on your lips.

Ida—Why, certainly; did you suppose he was going to paint it?

Yeast—My wife has acquired the bicycle face.

Crimsonbeak—Well, I congratulate her. It can't help but be an improvement on her other one.

He—Where have you been?

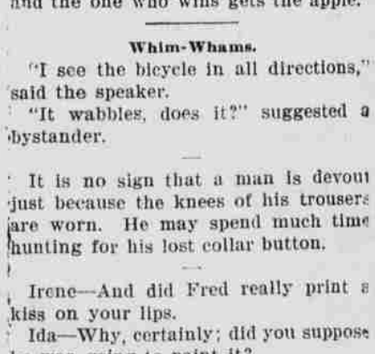
She—Down town, looking over some bonnets.

"Looking over some bonnets, did you say?"

"That's what I said."

"Then they were not theater bonnets."—Yonkers Statesman.

A Bicycle Term.



"Out for a spurt on the road."

Why We Have It.

Teacher (to primary class in American history)—Can any of you tell me the significance of Memorial Day? That is, why do we have such a day every year?

Little Willie Wimpleton—Please, ma'am, I know.

Teacher—Well, tell us about it.

Little W. W.—So we can pull off the annual road races.—Cleveland Leader.

Just Like a Man!

Mrs. Dalghren—I see that the Duchess of Marlborough—our Connie Vanderbilt, you know—has stayed all night with the queen at Windsor Castle.

Mr. Dalghren—That so? Why did she do it? Does she think of buying the place?—Cleveland Leader.